

Fifth Dimension

"Dead Men Tell No Lies"

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I been quiet for too fucking long so now its time to
break the silence.
I start with the killing so fuck stopping the violence.
I got something for your monkey ass. So peep.
Better yet like a stray dog I put your ass to sleep.
No more faking and taking my snaps.
Sorry fool, Eiht goin' step 'n get the straps.
Geah, I puts my work in and fuck up your shit.
Now you gotta bow down and suck a fat dick.
Mmm. I guess thats what you get when you try to play.
Try to come up with that mutherfucking he say.
Or she say, or what the fuck did that fool say?
Punk bitch, I'll mop that ass up anyway.
Dont misbehave, cause you'll be a slave.
Another fronting mutherfucker in a early grave.
Geah, you got over fool because your ass was sly.
But a dead nigga tell no lies.

[killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop... X2]

Another fool on my shit list.
And now the punk bitch wanna play games.
No competition so I'll mention no fucking names.
Just like a rat, she likes to squeel.
But you squeeled on the E, so whats the deal?
Geah, you spread rumours for humour G.
But the shit aint funny, so humour me.
And um, aint no more of your bullshit I'm having.
Geah, Tired of the fucking back stabbing.
Soul in the bozac, as I stack.
To your jaw I start to mack. Like a fool don't clap.
And um, it aint over till the fat bitch spit.
Well the fat bitch is about to spit shit.
To save your sorry ass from the mash.
So who really gives a fuck if I tap that but.
So um, when your ass is gone, they'll wonder why.
But a dead nigga tell no lies.

[killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop... X4]

[Ran through the rooms and went pop, pop, pop.]

Get ready for the last mutherfucking trip.
As I pop in another mutherfucking clip.
Geah, one more busta, another mark.
Fool your kinda fake, talking about you fucked the Eiht.
Damn, another sorry bitch with some street slang.
Peel his cap cause we aint from the same gang.
Talking about you'll shoot the Eiht from the top of the tree.
Nigga please, I might drop you to your fucking knees.
Try to lay low, but you know you can't escape.
Why'd you have to diss me on your underground tape.
Now you hang your shit up on a shelf.
Didn't you know, you'd be fucking your own self.
Quick draw McGraw, on the fucking draw.
As you scheme on my team I take 2 to your jaw.
Geah, you got over fool, but you know why.
Cause a dead nigga tell no lies.

[killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop... X2]
[Ran through the rooms and went pop, pop, pop.]

Geah, Eihthype in a mutherfucking effect.
For the nine deuce to get loose.
My nigga Mike T is in the house. Dj Slips in the mutherfucking house.
My nigga 'Times in the house, Rick's in the house.
My nigga Chill's in the house, Boom Bams in the house.
And we outta here....

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